
Title: Officer's Journal

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It's been a fine few days
as we prepare to leave
Trinsic, readying for our
voyage. The crew seems
hale and hearty, and all
seems to be going well. I
have high hopes for this
outing.

I've caught sight of the
Serpent's Pillar through
my spyglass, and we're
making excellent time. I
think we'll be there very
shortly.

I came on deck to
shouting voices, just to
see a fistfight starting
between two of the
men...and almost all the
others joining in. Arguing
about the damn pillar
started it...but I ended it,
along with Rogers.
Managed to separate the
worst of them...but it
wasn't fast enough, as
two of the ones who
started it had already
drawn blades and managed
to kill each other. Rogers
and I tossed the bodies
overboard, but I don't
want the Captain to turn
us around. We might not
keep Garrity if he does,
and Garrity knows these
waters better than
anyone.

I've no bloody idea what
happened last night, or
where we are now.

Garrity seems on edge.
I'm worried about him.

Captain Johne came to
report to the men and I
about Garrity...he
apparently cracked, and
Captain Johne said he
came at him like a
lunatic, swinging his
cutlass, and he was
forced to cut him down.
Grief can make a man do
crazy things, so I
wouldn't put it past him.
Still...we're up to a dozen
or so of the crew dead
from the brawl, the
vortex, and now Garrity
being added to the list.
I've got a foreboding
feeling.

The Captain's been keeping
to himself lately, and
acting a bit strange.

The Captain has locked
himself into his own
quarters. Apparently
Rogers tried to talk to
him and he drew steel on
Rogers...and Rogers ran,
with the Captain chasing
him. So stunned were the
crew that nobody
followed. Rogers hasn't
returned...but for him to
have run? He fought a
kraken barehanded.

Would he have run from
anything?

The men are demanding I
do something...I think we
have to put the Captain
under arrest and relieve
him of duty. I'll be taking
a few of them with me
to go confront him.